

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE N. E. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

LINUS DARLING,
PROPRIETOR.

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Correspondence from particular farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name, in full, which will be printed or not, at the writer's wish.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Roads can be mended, ditches dug and land drained to advantage in late fall and early winter.

April lamb-are profitable if well grown and well sold. Now is the time to begin breeding for them.

Good, well grown pullets can sometimes be picked up at a bargain in November. In the hands of the right man they will prove a treasure.

A little mound of earth heaped up about the young trees will help to keep off the mice which are especially troublesome in untilled orchards.

MANY a good article of produce has been made second or third class by poor sorting and packing. Business-like selling is the farmer's only financial salvation.

At the beginning of tree pruning season, it is well to bear in mind that eggs and young of various insect pests live on twigs over winter. Burn the prunings and next year's crop of troublesome bugs and worms will be reduced.

FALL planting of trees and shrubbery is all right on any soil, and even so is preferred on light soil. Don't feel obliged to wait until spring if the land is ready now. At any rate trees may be ordered in fall and heeled in, then they will be convenient when wanted in spring.

This year's high prices for apples will be responsible for many a new orchard. After all, do not apples, pears, and peaches pay as well as anything that can be grown for an equal amount of trouble? When orchard fruits pay at all, the money comes easily. Before ground freezes in November is a good time to set trees.

Our illustration this week represents Kenberma, A. J. C. C., 40,648, head of the herd owned by J. W. Hobart, of the Hobart Farm, Dover, N. H. This bull was sired by Irving Lambert, 33,634, grandson of Honeycomb of St. Lambert, which was sold at auction for \$4100. His dam was Brenda Torment, 45,581 who gave 49 pounds of milk a day after dropping Kenberma.

Kenberma took the first prize as a two-year-old bull at the Rochester, N. H. fair in September last. His get also took first and second prizes at same fair. Kenberma is a solid dark mulberry fawn, with black points, long deep bodied and from such breeding is sure to beget stock of fine dairy type that will be heard from later.

Black Knot Surgery.

Black knot should be doctored by a resolute and thorough going man. Some firmness is required to cut away an expensive plum tree down almost to a stick, but without such surgery, there is not a ghost of a chance for the tree or its neighbors after the knots have once taken full hold.

If trees are often carefully examined and the diseased twigs cut off, the disease may be kept away from the large limbs. Paint the wounds over after cutting. Burn the knots and do not handle round trees after rubbing knot spores against the hands.

Protecting the Peach Buds from Injury during the Winter.

By far the greatest obstacle to successful peach growing in New England is the destruction of the blossom buds during the winters.

We can grow as perfectly healthy and well developed trees as any section of the country. The trees will average as long life in a healthy condition, the fruit is unequalled in quality and we can control the injury done by insects. The disease or condition called the yellows is no more destructive under the same conditions of cultivation and fertilization than in New Jersey, Indiana or Michigan, and when a tree is so feeble from any cause, as to show the premature ripening of the fruit, we can remove it, as is the practice in Michigan,—plant a young tree in its place and in a few years have a vigorous fruiting tree if we give it a reasonable amount of care and plant food.

Much speculation has been indulged in and an immense amount of discussion taken place as to the cause of the destruction of the fruit buds in the more northern peach-growing sections, and it is generally conceded that it is not a definite low degree of cold as claimed by many, (generally placed at fifteen to twenty degrees below zero, but that other conditions play an important part in their destruction, for they are frequently killed when the temperature has not fallen much below zero and they have withstood twenty degrees below zero in many cases without injury.

The two theories that have the most supporters and seem most reasonable are: First, that the buds are either immature when winter sets in or are started into growth by unusually warm weather during the early winter and are then destroyed by sudden and extreme cold, and second, that it is caused by the large amount of absolute moisture in the atmosphere attending sudden changes from a high temperature to very extreme cold.

While we do not understand all of the conditions attending this injury, numerous plans have been suggested for preventing it, but none have proved of practical value except that of laying the trees on the ground and covering the branches, and the use of lime wash to prevent the buds from starting into growth during the winter, the latter having been reported by the Missouri Experiment Station as being successful in that State.

THE LAYING DOWN METHOD.

Bending over the trees to the ground and covering them with coarse litter, pine boughs, sacking, etc., proved effective and all that is wanting is some systematic and continued effort of the practical grower to prove if it can be profitably employed.

The treatment that seems to give the greatest promise is to prepare the trees while young by root pruning so as to grow on the south side, then when the tree is to be bent over the small roots on the north side can be easily loosened. By removing the soil close up to the trunk on the south side down to the large roots, the tree may be easily bent over to the ground. Never bend the tree to the north for the sun's rays would strike the trunk or branches and start the buds more certainly than if bent to the south. If the branches are large and spreading they may be drawn in by a rope or strong string and be kept down close to the ground by placing a fence post or other heavy stick upon them toward the ends of the branches.

A mound of soil not less than one foot in depth should be made over the roots and base of the trunk. The branches may be covered with coarse straw, corn stover, pine boughs, or coarse mats, just enough to prevent continued freezing and thawing, for if covered too deeply the buds may be smothered. If mice are abundant the trunk and branches should be sprayed (before the covering is put on) with lime-wash or Bordeaux mixture in which is put one ounce of Paris green to the gallon. The Bordeaux mixture is to be preferred as it is certain that any spores of fungi that may be upon the branches or



HEAD OF THE HERD OWNED BY J. W. HOBART, OF THE HOBART FARM, DOVER, N. H.

buds will be destroyed. The covering should be taken off before extreme warm weather comes on that would cause the buds to start into growth, and be gradually removed, the final uncovering being done during cool and moist weather.

This method of protecting the peach buds has been tested in a great many places with success and should have a thorough trial to determine its value to the business peach grower.

PROTECTION BY LIME WASH.

The second method, reported as successful by the Missouri Experiment Station is that of keeping the branches covered with whitewash or lime-wash, sprayed upon the trees three or four times during the winter, the wash to be used as thick as it can be made to pass through the spraying nozzles.

This method has been used before but not in the same manner as reported by the Missouri Station. In Bulletin No. 1 of the Massachusetts Hatch Experiment Station, July 1888, a series of experiments were reported, in which a great variety of substances were used to protect the peach buds but with no very satisfactory results. The lime wash was used but only one application was made and as the wash flaked off with the first rains and frost, no further applications were made. The three or four applications of lime wash mixed with one-fifth skim-milk as used by the Missouri Station would result in a much longer protection of the buds and it is hoped that it will be found as successful in Massachusetts as it is reported to be in that state. Even if six or eight applications should be found necessary, it would be a cheaper method than bending over and covering and would probably result in no injury to the tree.

In the experiments referred to it was found that on trees sprayed with lime wash, mixed with about one-fifth skim-milk eighty per cent. of the buds were uninjured while on those not sprayed only twenty per cent. of the buds were alive, thus showing a saving of fifty per cent. of the fruit buds.—See Bulletin No. 38, Missouri Experiment Station. This experiment has been very widely reported in the agricultural and other papers and numerous trials of it will probably be made in all parts of the country and it is hoped that all peach growers in Massachusetts, who have a sufficient number of trees of one kind and under the same condition of growth and soil will repeat the work, making careful records of the time of application and conditions of the trees and report the results to the leading agricultural papers of the state, the Hatch Experiment Station or the Massachusetts Fruit Growers' Association meeting to be held in Worcester in March. To obtain the best results, I would suggest the following plan or scheme for testing the reported remedy, somewhat modified to suit our conditions.

1. Spraying with ordinary lime wash as thick as it can be made to pass through the Bordeaux nozzle.
a. November 15, December 15, January 15, February 15. b. November 15, December 1, January 1, February 1, c. December 1, December 15, January 1, January 15, February 1.
2. Repeat the above, making the lime wash as thick as possible and adding skim-milk to thin it down to the proper consistency.
3. Repeat No. 1, using one quart

of ordinary flour paste of good thickness to each gallon.

4. Repeat No. 1, using one-half pounds ordinary glue to the gallon.

5. Repeat No. 1, adding one pint of coarse fine salt to the gallon of lime wash.

The glue and paste should be added to the lime wash while it is hot, if possible, that it may be thoroughly mixed with it.

The trees should be sprayed upon all sides that the branches and buds may be perfectly covered, using a nozzle that will throw a fine spray, if economy of material is to be considered. The addition of two ounces of the copper sulphate dissolved in water to the gallon will be of great advantage in destroying all spores of fungi that may be on the branches or under the bud scales.

The barrel or knapsack pumps will be found the most economical pumps to use if many trees are to be sprayed, but if only a few are to be treated the small hand pump or garden syringe will do the work fairly well.

Other substances like tar, linseed oil, kerosene, glucose, etc., may be tried with the lime wash if one has the time and the trees, for there may be other materials of more value than those first suggested.
S. T. MAYNARD.

Sweet Cider.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAKER DISCUSSES THE PRODUCT AND HOW TO SELL IT.

Although this is not the apple year, a good deal of cider has been made in New England. In many orchards, the percentage of inferior apples has been unusually large and altogether too large a proportion of the crop had to be sent to the mill because fit for nothing else. Some of the larger mills like the one at Sherborn, Mass., were obliged to import apples from distant towns and even from outside the State. In the valley of the Connecticut river, there were third-rate apples enough to keep the local mill fairly busy.

CIDER APPLES FAIRLY PLENTY.

One of these valley cider manufacturers, Mr. A. J. Osgood of Agawam, reports to us as follows:

We have had a fair season for cider, with apples plenty at ten cents per bushel of fifty pounds. The season lasts about ten weeks and is now (Nov. 6) nearly over. We grind about seventy-five bushels per day turning out three to four and one-half gallons of cider to the bushel, according to the variety.

VARIETIES COMPARED.

Russet cider is generally considered best, but the apples are dry and do not squeeze out so freely as Baldwins and other kinds. For business, I prefer a mixture of Russets with other kinds. I am not sure that the pure russet cider is any better flavored than other kinds but many people seem to think it is, and sometimes they ask for it.

There is a wild seedling with small red apples very common here, which we call Fliers. These make very good cider. Baldwins make plenty of cider of high color and good taste. When cider is sold for beverage, as is most of mine, color is important.

FOR RETAIL TRADE.

The going price for cider by the barrel is nine cents per gallon. Some is sold at the door and peddlers take a

good deal of the product. I do not send out teams myself, although I think it would be well for a cider maker to do so if near a large city. He would have no trouble in selling barrels of it at five cents a quart. I can make it keep about a year by adding a preservative and bottling, but for peddling I would have it fresh from the press. Whatever I have left over after bottling what I can sell is made into vinegar. There is some left over every year.

I do not try to clarify or filter my cider. If it is well strained through the cloths, it is clear enough, and any further straining takes away some of the good quality.

POMACE NOT VALUED.

I notice that some of your readers speak highly of cider pomace as a cattle food. Now, I keep dairy cows and feed them some of the pomace while it is fresh, but, so far as I can see, it is only a kind of relish and doesn't make them give any more milk or eat any less hay. Some farmers put it into silos but farmers here care nothing about it, and most of my pomace goes to waste.

Good Roads at the Rhode Island College.

Mr. E. G. Harrison of the U. S. Department of Good Roads at Washington, is at present occupied with the building of a sample macadamized road at the State College of Rhode Island. In a communication to his home newspaper in Pennsylvania he says:—

"This Agricultural College includes the experiment station and taken as a whole is one of the best places for instruction in road work that I have seen. The college is new, about seven years old. There are about 160 acres of land, probably over one-third tillage but the rest of the land is filled with loose rocks and boulders in all sizes up to five and six tons in weight. There are also ledges of rocks on the side hill. Buildings for the college purposes are gradually being erected out of the stone on the grounds. This is a gray granite and makes fine massive buildings. At present, there is a large dormitory for students, a laboratory and rooms for the experiment station, a mechanical building and they are just finishing a large recitation and drill hall. The buildings thus far erected have cost about \$100,000. The head of the institution is Dr. J. H. Washburn, a man of culture and administrative ability. He is practical through and through and the great progress made here in so short a time is the evidence of it. He has gathered around him learned specialists who know practically what they teach. The students are young men and women who are fighting their way 'upward and onward,' many of them working their way. At this time there are 140 students. I understand that the earnings of the students in this institution for the past year were from \$1500 to \$2000. They came here for business and not for pleasure. As this is a State institution there is no charge for tuition; that is all free. Students from outside the state pay a small tuition fee. Table board and room rent are the chief expense, amounting to about \$3.50 per week.

I am here, as you are aware, to superintend the construction of a Government sample road and to give instruction as the work proceeds. The Government (United States) provides a fully

equipped plant of the most modern road machinery. I find this institution just the place for instruction. On the College farm we find all the materials for road building. There are the boulders and stones in the fields and fences suitable for the foundations and harder stone in the ledges, with quarries opened for road surfacing, so we have everything to enable us to construct good roads from the foundation to the finish. We have generally found it hard to instruct the road officials. The longer they have held these positions, the harder it is to convince them they do not 'know it all,' because they believe they know it all. Yet the roads under their charge show little signs of improvement. We can get better results and, of course, do more good by the young men. They are receptive and do not profess to know it all; in fact, they are willing to be taught.

At this institution, we have just the right kind of material in the way of brains, muscle, and will-power to make 'road-makers.' The president of the college and the faculty, as I before stated, are practical men and they have taken up this road-making instruction with the vim and energy that means business; they propose to make it a special course of instruction, both in theory and practice. The institution will doubtless be fully equipped with the best modern road-machinery with experts to run it, and this with instruction in placing the material on the road bed, and the construction of that road-bed will be the practical part of the instruction. The theoretical part will be taught by able professors of the engineering and geological departments. This college will be very helpful to the good roads-movement throughout the country. We have had roads principally for want of intelligent supervision.

The young men who will graduate from this college in this special course of road-making and maintenance will find many sections of the country wanting them, and they will have plenty of places where they can show their ability, as road-makers."

A very pleasant and profitable meeting was held on Friday last in the new chapel of the Rhode Island College. Under the auspices of the West Kingston Grange, an address was given by Secretary Wm. R. Sessions of the Mass. Board of Agriculture. His topic was "The Production of Milk and the Management of Milk Cows." A pleasant day, a pleasant hall, a very practical speaker, and a large, intelligent, interested audience made a combination that commanded and secured the best results—a meeting that satisfied in all but one point. This last point will be very happily met if Mr. Sessions will return and speak again to the farmers of Washington County at no distant day. Perhaps the best among the many excellent thoughts presented by the genial secretary were those describing the characteristics of the successful dairyman.

Celery for Winter Use.

ED. MASS. PLOUGHMAN: DEAR SIR,—Having noticed the many remarks for keeping celery for winter use in your valuable paper, which we have read for many years, we desire to state the plan which we have practised for several seasons. We select a place in the garden on moderately sloping ground if possible and dig a pit about two feet deep and in size according to quantity of celery to be kept, say twelve feet by any length desired. We drive a stake at each corner and board up one side against the stakes about two feet high and on the other side about three feet high so as to lay boards across the top at a slope of one foot which forms the roof. This gives a space of five feet on one side and four feet on the other side from the bottom of the pit to the under side of the roof. Then board up across the ends as high as the roof, leaving a small door large enough for a person to get through. When this is completed, take up the celery, leaving the roots on and set in bunches as it grew in the garden, and in rows across the end; then fill in around the stalks with sand or gravel soil as high as two or three inches from the top of the stalk so that when the pit is completed the tops are

sticking out of the sand which the stalks are imbedded in. When this is completed, cover the whole over with boards forming a roof and fill up with earth on all sides as high as the roof on the outside, then cover the whole over with any available litter such as straw or corn-stalks of sufficient depth to prevent freezing inside. By adopting this plan, celery will keep until the first of May as fresh and crisp as any one can wish to be taken out as required for winter use. We have never lost any celery kept in this way when sufficiently covered to keep from freezing.

S. S. STEVENS.

No. Hoosick, N. Y.

The Free Seed Question Again.

The question of free seed distribution refuses to be settled, and the American Seed Trade Association, through its seed trade committee, which was formed to promote and mould public sentiment against free distribution, is taking decided measures to arouse an effective opposition to such action on the part of the government. Nearly every one seems to be agreed that no real good comes from this seed distribution, and that the large amount of money expended could be used in a way which would be of much greater advantage to the farmers. The Seed Trade Association also claims that it is decidedly unfair to the seedsmen of the country, whose business is greatly injured by this competition of the government. In a circular letter just sent out by the chairman of the seed trade committee, they say:


"All that seedsmen ask is fair play. They have constant reminders of the baneful influence of the free distribution of seeds upon their business in the shape of former customers stating that they now get their supply of seeds from their congressmen, and country stores now require very little because their trade is destroyed through their neighbors receiving free seeds from the government. Seedsmen think they can with confidence appeal to the public for aid in fighting this gigantic government competitor, with whom they are unable to compete, because they are able to give away seeds, as they are paid for by the taxes of the people; whereas, on the other hand, the seedsmen have to go to great expense in procuring them."

They further look with confidence to the public for help, as it is not believed that they wish to see people driven from an occupation to which they have devoted their lives, and through which they support themselves and families; and after seedsmen have done more to advance agriculture in introducing improved culture and varieties than any other class.

Over twenty millions of packets of seeds were distributed free last year, each senator and congressman having over forty-two thousand packets each to send to voters. General Le Duc, a former Commissioner of Agriculture, reported that "Thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of seeds have passed through the hands of members of Congress, and it is safe to say that not a dozen reports have ever been made that have been available by the department as data." A recent report from the Agricultural Department says "A careful review of the department reports during the last decade, in which over a million dollars were expended for free seed distribution, fails to reveal a single instance of benefit to agriculture attributable to this distribution." As it is admitted by the Department itself that there is no good result from it, it should be abolished.

There are at least three results from the free gift of seeds, which are baneful in their effects. First, the free distribution of seeds has a tendency to pauperism and create dependence upon the government. Second, it savors of bribery and corruption. Third, it is extremely injurious and destructive to the business of seedsmen, who have a right to look to the government for the protection of their interests, as they are compelled to pay their quota of taxes. Therefore, their business should not be destroyed by the government's representatives, and the government free seed distribution through Congressmen should cease.

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Many people have said that ducklings cannot swim unless there is a mother duck to lead them to swim in. This is not true. When you have ducklings reared for the purpose of eating, they are allowed to go in the water as soon as they grow much faster than those that are if they do not go in the water.

If two broods of

out altogether, w

old those which water will usually more than they only know how eat for the table, they times more than the Young duckling than chickens, at an early age they will often eat chickens at the mistake is made rear young ducks kill them early are reared properly should be ready weeks old, but

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A sharp spade with which to cut and a straight comb with which to comb the brush out within a section of a harrow. The sections will apply to blackberries. If you do get a four-tine harrow, use it two inside times, and the two outside ones, making them of a Texas steer; if you do this, or any other place to heat the For digging under and also for covering pointed, long-handled

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just at the point where the incubator workers are taking a number of eggs which are unabsorbed. One of the best workers, a man long known for the fact that there are several chicks die. The egg is taken from the air cell and a small hole is made in the egg. They sometimes find the cause of making the hole on the side of the egg, but the bottom of the egg is the result because

Some of these avoided by keeping reversing those to wrong point, and end of the shell likely to smother broken through lining. This mu-

the chick is working. Such help must be given all, because the chick kept open long enough to get the temperature.—A

Duck

Many people have heard that ducklings cannot swim unless they are taught to swim by their mothers.

take. When young are reared for the purpose, they are allowed to go in and grow much faster

If two broods of the same time, and swim in the water out altogether, with

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Young ducklings, more than chickens, at an early age they will often w

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Laying Down

In this part of the book, the author discusses the necessary steps to insure the success of the business and cover in the event of a disaster.

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down get a four-tine fork, and two inside tines, and two outside ones, making them like the horns of a Texas steer; and then do this, or any one of the

For digging under
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MARKETS.

BOSTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Cattle steady in price—Sheep and goats quiet—Hogs in good demand—Country lots 1-4 Higher—Calves in good demand—Horse market dull.

Reported for Miss Ploughman.

Week ending Nov. 10, 1897.

Amount of Stock at Market.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD, ETC.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Values on Northern Cattle, etc.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Working Oxen—\$40.00; heavy steers, \$50.00.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Cows and Young Calves—\$30.00; extra, \$40.00.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Stores—This young cattle for farmers: yearlings, \$10.00; two-year-olds, \$12.00; three-year-olds, \$15.00.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Sheep—Per pound, live weight, 2.50c; extra, 3.00c.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Fat Hogs—Per pound, live weight, 10c; extra, 11c.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Veal Calves—\$2.50 a lb; country lots, 2.00c.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Calves—\$1.00 a lb; country lots, 1.50c.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
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Arrivals at the different yards.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
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General Live Stock Notes.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

The total of the different kinds of live stock was ample for the demand.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Cattle, sheep and goats were in good demand.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Hogs were in good demand.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

Calves were in good demand.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714
2,321	12,385	120	98,468	1,714

The market for live stock was generally quiet.

Cattle	Sheep	Hogs	Goats	Calves
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PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

From the Republican, Scranton, Penn.

A reporter recently learned of a remarkable experience which happened to Mrs. Frederick Wright, of No. 208 West 12th street, Scranton, Pa. In the interview with her, she said: "I suffered for many months with pains in my back and side. I called in all the physicians whom I knew; they did all they could for me, but admitted that I could not be cured. None of them seemed to know just what my ailment was, and doctored me for different diseases, but failed to benefit me."

"Instead of getting better I became worse, and was obliged to leave my work and remain at home. The pains became more severe, and it was not long before I was obliged to go to bed, and was unable to leave it for several months. I was very weak and suffered severe pains almost constantly, in the meanwhile doctoring all the time."

"At that time I was staying at the home of my father, Mr. Van Gorden, at 805 Marion street, city. I grew more steady and was almost healed."

"One day a neighbor came to see me and told me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My father was going down to the central part of the city that afternoon, and I asked him to get a box of the pills. He brought home a box that evening and I began taking them. The first box helped me some and I decided to get another. After taking the second box I felt much better, and after taking the third I was able to get up and about. After taking the fourth box I was able to go back to my work, and I felt as well as I had ever felt in my life."

"I worked from that time until I was married. Since then I had not had to stop my work for any of the old trouble. I take the pills regularly now as I did then, and I feel that it is necessary to take them as often as I did, but I take them periodically, and find that they keep me strong and well. I feel that I can truly say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have saved my life, and I owe my recovery and good health to them."

"The complaint is one that is well known to many women. I cannot describe it, but I am sure many of them have suffered the same excruciating pains with which I suffered. I can say to all my happiness is due."

"All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and to strengthen the nerves are contained in a condensed form. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sickly cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party," said Betty, (aged just four), "a little girl fell off her chair. Right down she fell. And all the other girls began to laugh, but not I didn't laugh a single bit." Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her. "Pull of delight to find that Betty, bless her little heart. Had been so sweetly kind. 'Why didn't you laugh, darling? Or don't you wish to tell?' 'I didn't laugh,' said Betty, 'Cause it was me that fell.'"

HOW THE TWINS CAUGHT THE DOCTOR.

Ben came down the back steps with a stamp and a slam, just as Rob had succeeded in tugging Cousin Joe's big double runner out of the barn.

"She says we can't have it," he announced, crossly. "The says, if Aunt Mary's mind to let us when she gets back, why, all right. But she can't take the responsibility."

"Huh! Who wants her to?" asked Rob, dropping the rope in disgust. "She isn't going to get hurt. Grandmothers don't know everything, anyhow."

The twins sat down side by side on the double-runner. They gazed wistfully along the straight, icy hill that began at their gate, dropped steadily for almost half a mile, and then stretched out for another half-mile beside the river. It was the longest coast in town, and in perfect condition.

"There'd be time for two slides before supper," grumbled Rob.

"Yes. And to-morrow's Saturday and Aunt Mary won't get home until night," added Ben. "It'll probably rain, and spoil it all, anyhow."

At last, deciding to make the best of it, the twins got up and built a fat snow man. Then they found relief for their rambled tempers by pelting him to pieces, until it grew dark and Nora called them into supper.

They didn't enjoy their meal as much as usual, however; for grandma was upstairs most of the time, taking care of baby Alice, who had been sick more than a week, and who was worse to-night. The twins felt that, even if grandmothers don't know everything, it was rather pleasant to have one around. Just as they were finishing their cookies in silence, grandma hurried through the dining-room with an anxious face. They heard her tell Nora to run for Dr. Brown, and they heard Nora hurry down the steps and out of the yard.

Now, the doctor lived in the very next house down the hill, with only Aunt Mary's field in between. So Nora was back in a few minutes. But the twins knew from her look, as she ran into the dining-room, that she had not found the doctor.

"Oh, mum," she gasped, as soon as she saw grandma, "the doctor was driving out of his yard just as I got to our gate. He turned down the hill, and I ran and called; but I couldn't make him hear. Oh, what shall we do?"

The twins didn't wait for anything more. Catching up their caps and mittens, they rushed out into the yard, where they almost tumbled over the double-runner, standing as they had left it. The same idea flashed into both heads at once. Without a word, Ben settled himself in the steers' seat, with his feet against the braces, and wound the steering-ropes around his hands. Rob gave a running push, and leaped on behind, and in a few seconds they had rattled down the icy driveway, slewed around the street, and started in hot pursuit of the doctor.

The bright moonlight showed them the sleigh nearing the bottom of the hill. But the double-runner rattled and away along the icy track, gaining speed every second. Now the sleigh left the hill, and darted along the level road. The twins were half-way down, and still flying faster. Soon they could hear the jangle of the sleigh bells above the rattling of their runners. Now, they, too, left the slope, and began spinning along the level, gaining fast upon the sleigh.

As the bits of ice thrown up by the horse's flying feet began to spatter in Ben's face, "Hi! Doctor!" he called out. "Go back!"

But, before he could finish, the double runner tore past the sleigh like a race horse. Rob turned quickly in his seat at the end, and shouted back the rest of the message: "It's our baby. Please go quick!"

Rob saw the doctor turn, and start up the hill again. "It's all right. He's going," he called to Ben. Then the twins waited for the double-runner to slow up and let them off.

When they got back into the yard again, some twenty minutes later, the doctor was just coming out of the door. "She'll get along nicely now," they heard him say to some one inside. "But it was lucky you thought of that double runner."

And, when the twins came into the kitchen, grandma drew them close to her, one on each side and put her arm around them. Grandma's voice was always a little shaky; but it trembled more than usual, as she said—

"I don't know what I should do if anything happened to you; but if you want ever so much to coast to-morrow!"

"Oh, I guess we can stand it till Aunt Mary comes," said Ben, with a smile.

"Yes," added Rob, looking at his red hands. "It's too hard work pulling it back, anyhow."—Wm. H. Draper in the Christian Register.

A Neutral.

The British cutter Sparrow, commanded by Captain Wylie, while cruising off Cape Tiburon, on the island of San Domingo, chased and overhauled an American brig, the cargo of which, together with certain other circumstances, gave rise to such a suspicion that she was enemy's property that Captain Wylie thought it best to send her to Port Royal for examination.

The Yankee captain, not in the least dismayed, swore so positively as to the truth of his ship's papers, which he produced, that the Admiralty Court was at

length persuaded to set him free, whereupon he immediately began an action for demurrage against captain Wylie for having taken him.

About this time Lieutenant Fitton, of the navy (who was then a midshipman in command of a small tender), arriving at Port Royal, went on board the Sparrow to pay a visit to Wylie. He found the Captain in very low spirits over the pending suit, and greatly depressed at the idea of the ruinous damages that it seemed certain would be awarded against him on account of the American.

Fitton, however, on learning the name of the captain of the brig, advised Wylie not to worry, and stated that he could prove that the brig was yet a good prize.

He then went on to explain that while cruising in his tender near the place where the Sparrow had overhauled the brig, and very shortly after that time, his sailors had caught a large shark. He was very much surprised on hearing one of the men employed in cutting the fish open cry out, "Stand by for your letters, my man, for here's the postman come on board!" at the same moment handing out a bundle of papers, from the shark's stomach. They were only slightly damaged by the gastric juices of the fish, and Fitton kept them. Upon examination he discovered that they were the real papers of the American, which he had thrown overboard when he became hard pressed, and which had been promptly swallowed by the shark. The papers proved beyond question that the cargo was French.

The two officers went immediately to Kingston with this new and most important evidence; but no further investigation of the matter was necessary, for the captain of the brig was so overwhelmed upon hearing the circumstances, which he regarded as a visitation from Heaven for his perjuries, that he hurriedly escaped from the island, and the vessel, after all, was condemned to the Sparrow. Wylie received for his share of the prize-money something over \$3000.

Mr. Fitton sent the jaw-bones of the shark to the Admiralty Court at Jamaica where they still remain.—Harper's Round Table.

A Cure For Crying.

The great French writer, Victor Hugo, tells this story about his own childhood—his father, he it remembered, was one of Napoleon's generals.

"When I was five or six years old, I was crying. My father, who heard me, did not reprove me, but this is the way he punished me:

"Why the poor dear little girl!" he said, in a cool, ironical manner. "What's the matter with her? Who has been making her cry? She shan't be found fault with. It's right for little girls to cry. But how's this? What have you been dressing her in boy's clothes for? Make her a pretty frock at once, and to-morrow she shall go and take a walk in the garden of the Tuileries."

"Sure enough, the nurse put a girl's dress on me the next day, according to order, and took me to walk at the Tuileries. I was well mortified, as you may perhaps imagine. But I never cried again from that day until I had become a man grown."

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.

By special arrangements with the BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERN CO., we are able to supply our readers with the Bazar Glove-Fitting Pattern at a very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, most economical and most reliable patterns published. Pay directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with them in the past. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

MASS. PLOUGHMAN COUPON.

Cut this out, fill in your name, address, number and size of pattern desired, and mail it to THE HOME CORNER, MASS. PLOUGHMAN, BOSTON, MASS.

Name

Address

No. of Pattern

Size

Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.

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shown, the material is durable diagonal serge in the shade of brown known as marron, the trimming consisting of rows of narrow black mohair braid which edge the collar and cuffs. Flannel, cheviot, covert cloth, and similar wool stuffs are, however, equally suitable. The blouse is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only. An applied plait of the material is stitched to the edge of the left-front and the closing is effected by means of button-holes, sewed fast to the edge of the right-front. The neck is finished with a simple turn-over collar, that, while it is all that is to be desired in the way of decoration, leaves the throat free. At the lower edge of the blouse is a casing through which inch-wide elastic is run. The sleeves are one-seamed and gathered both at the shoulders and wrists, where they are stitched to the narrow cuffs. The skirt is laid in one broad box-plait at the front and in deep backward-turning plaits from there to the centre-back where the closing is effected. The upper edge is seamed tight and fast to a sleeveless body made of drill or heavy silesia. To make this costume for a boy of four years will require two yards of fifty-four-inch material, or two and one-fourth yards with three-eighths of a yard for collars and cuffs of forty-four-inch goods. The pattern, No. 7169, is cut in sizes for boys of two and four years. With coupon, ten cents.



7169—Ladies' Blouse and Skirt with Collar, 7170—Ladies' Blouse and Skirt with Collar.

The trimmed skirt and the blouse basque make the prominent features of all autumn styles. The costume shown in the illustration is so simple as to be well-sent to the shopper's needs at the same time that it is correct for the afternoon call or promenade. The model is made of diagonal cheviot in the new shade known as marron, the contrasting material being plaid in shades of brown and tan, with a sufficient number of bright yellow and red lines to enliven the whole. The buttons are of metal in a rich bronze tone, and the loops of brown silk cord. With it worn a hat of castor-colored velvet, trimmed with plumes of varying shades of castor and brown, together with loops of ribbon showing a plaid design in the same tones. The bodice proper is fully and falls slightly over the belt, but the foundation is fitted snugly and is composed of the usual pieces and seams, closing at the centre-front. On it is arranged the plastron of plaid, which is stitched to the lining at the right and hooks over onto the left side. The blouse is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams only, and turns back from the front in pointed revers, which reveal the vest beneath. Beneath that, on the right side, the blouse is stitched fast, while the left serves to conceal the closing, which is effected by hooks and eyes. At the back, falling over the shoulders to meet the revers, is a deep square collar of the plaid, and loops of cord passed over large buttons serve to hold the blouse well in place. The basque portion is circular, and seamed to the blouse beneath the belt of brown leather. All the free edges are stitched by machine. The sleeves are snug fitting and finished with cap-shaped epaulettes, which fall over the shoulders and relieve the otherwise plain effect. The skirt is cut in seven gores and embodies the demand for trimming without detracting from the apparent height of the wearer. The lining front is cut wider than the material and is it stitched the narrow sections of plaid. The sides of the frock and sides are machine stitched and the buttons and loops serve to hold them in place. The back gores are laid in deep backward-turning plaits and so form the fan back. Zibeline, covert cloths, all chevrons and drap-ete are all eminently appropriate and in the height of style. To make this costume for a lady in the medium size will require six and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material with one yard of plaid of the same width. The blouse alone calls for two and one-half yards with one-half yard of plaid. The pattern, No. 7180, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt requires four yards of forty-four-inch goods, with one yard of plaid, but the one length of the latter will also cut the vest and collar if the complete costume is to be made. The pattern, No. 7181, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure. With coupon, each pattern 10 cents.

If laundresses would exercise more care in drying table and bed linen, the subsequent ironing would be decidedly simplified, says Table Talk. After washing, each piece should be so hung on the line, with pins at intervals, that the sides will be even and corners square; when dry, instead of jerking them off and dropping them in the basket in a tumbled heap each piece should be folded evenly one or more

times; if this is neatly done there will be fewer wrinkles to iron out. Indeed, in many homes where the work is heavy the sheets are laid for a day under a weight and then put away without ironing and the result is far from unpleasant. Where the work can be so arranged it is a saving of time to take down the tablecloths while still damp and iron at once. If this cannot be done the dry cloth should be smoothly folded and laid aside. Several hours before ironing dampen evenly and well, roll up tightly, cover and lay aside; dry spots in the cloth retain wrinkles and will not take on a gloss, hence it is necessary for the entire cloth to absorb the moisture. Heavy irons and much pressure give the best result and the irons should be so hot that they must be passed very rapidly over the cloth to prevent scorching. Fold the cloth in half lengthwise, right side out; let the extra length fall on a cloth spread over the floor; pull the edges so that they are exactly even and corners square; iron across with rapid strokes, pressing backward and forward over each with the linen is absolutely dry; if smooth but damp it will not be glossy. In pressing the centre fold great care must be taken not to stretch the cloth or it will set badly when spread on the table. As fast as each portion is ironed push it across the table letting it drop over on the protecting cloth; if very long it may be wise to cover the unironed end with a damp towel. When the entire length has been ironed turn over and iron the other half—ironing on the wrong side, unless necessary. Fancy folding is considered vulgar and many housekeepers have only the one fold down the centre, rolling the cloth on a long round stick covered with cotton flannel, to which one end of the cloth is pinned.

In France the following method is often used and is said to give a very fine gloss. The dried cloth is dipped in boiling water and rapidly wrung out between the fingers, and is immediately ironed with very hot irons. We have not tried it but it is given on good authority. With the shortening of the days, plans for evening entertainments are in order. A social in a suburban church, which can easily be carried out in the country, was a reproduction of an old-fashioned husking bee. As one entered the hall, a jolly Jack-o'-Lantern appeared, lined with crimson, so as to give a cheery light. The floor of the room given up to the social was spread with leaves and hay, a large pile of corn being in the center of the room, ready for husking. The gas jets were turned low, and ordinary lanterns were used for lighting, with more Jack-o'-Lanterns, some lined with green and some with crimson. Appropriate signs were fastened here and there about the room, and the guests were dressed for the occasion in sun bonnets and straw hats, checked aprons and overalls. The husking was accomplished by the young folks while sitting on the hay, but the husks were not wholly removed but simply turned back, and the corn, husks and all, was afterward sold in boxes of three for five cents each, to be used for souvenirs and home decoration. The refreshments consisted of pumpkin pie, doughnuts and cheese, with apples. A spelling contest and singing of the old-time songs closed the evening's entertainment.

Another social, whose title is sure to prove a catching one, is a Klondike social. Admission to this was by a package, the cost of which was to be at least five cents. Each person thus admitted received a title to a "claim," and after a short program of miscellaneous entertainment was carried out, each Klondike miner began to dig in his claim for his nuggets with the utensils provided. The "claims" proved to be boxes of sawdust in each of which was buried one of the five cent packages. The varying contents of the packages caused much merriment.

To vary a spelling bee, give out the words to spell backwards, using easy words, of course.

In using a recipe, it frequently happens that all the ingredients are not at hand, but if the essential ones are to be had, the different flavorings may, of course, be adapted to the stock on hand. Frequently, the Cooking School recipes call for a sprig of parsley, and many housekeepers think that because they have no garden or corner store to call upon, it must be omitted. But sufficient parsley may be easily grown throughout the winter in a box set in the kitchen window, the warmth and moisture of the ordinary kitchen being favorable to its growth, and thus he had at any time for flavoring or a little for garnishing an otherwise unattractive dish, and will pay for the small trouble taken. Another flavoring to vary the monotony is chives, which is easily grown in a pot. The flavor will be more delicate

than the onion and can be added with advantage to a salad, soups, mince meat or any dish where a delicate flavor is liked.

Eggs, like milk, contain in proper proportion all the elements needed to support life, writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on "The Cooking of Eggs," in the November Ladies' Home Journal. Being highly concentrated, however, they lack the bulk necessary to keep the excretory organs in perfect condition. Serve with them, then, such food as bread, rice or cereals, but do not serve egg in any way at the same meal with beef, mutton or fowl. Pork, such as bacon, may in winter be served with eggs. While one pound of eggs is equal in nourishment to one pound of beef, the latter would be borne for a longer time, and would in the end be a much better food. The mineral matter of the egg is small in quantity but rich in quality, and the albumen is in a form most easily digested. We must bear in mind, however, that the egg albumen coagulates at a lower temperature than in the meat, which teaches us at once that, to be easily digested eggs must be lightly cooked. A hard-boiled egg, one in which the white is rendered hard, may be digested by a man laboring in the open air, but it is unfit for food for the man who works in an office or shop, or for the person whose digestion is weak, or for children of any age.

To ascertain the freshness of an egg, without breaking, hold it before a strong light and look directly through the shell. If the yolk appears round and the white surrounding it clear, the chances are that the egg is fresh. Or you may drop it into water. If the egg sinks quickly and remains at the bottom it is in all probability fresh, but if it stands on end it is doubtful, and quite bad if it floats. The shell of a fresh egg looks dull, while that of a stale one is glossy.

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OUR HOMES.

NOVEMBER.

The first November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside—
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The autumn's vacant throne;
She has but one short hour to live,
And she must live alone!

A barren realm of withered fields;
Black woods and falling leaves;
The palest morns that ever dawned;
The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor month! with tears of pain;
For what can one so hopeless do
But weep, and weep again.

—R. H. Stoddard.

THEIR HONEYMOON.

It was a perfect night. The silver moonlight flooded all the familiar landscape, bathing it in mystic depths of unfathomable brightness and transfiguring all things into a fairy-like beauty. A beautiful night—a night of stars and fleecy cloudlets, and soft sweet odors from a thousand pungent leaves and fragrant flowers distilled by the silent dew.

Oliver and Janet had gone upstairs to their little room, and now sat upon the floor beside the low window looking out into the moonlight. On such a night sleep was out of the question for an hour at least, and so they sat, slowly unfasting their hair and gradually preparing for bed.

A murmur of familiar voices on the little porch below sounded in their ears and hushed them to silence. They listened together on the window-sill and listened. The sisters knew the voices well—the dear voices of father and mother. They had come out into the porch before going to bed, and were sitting on the old time-worn bench there looking at the calm, clear night. The sisters could imagine just how they were sitting, though they could not see them, the dear old mother with her wrinkled hand on her husband's knee and his broad, homely hand covering it, they had seen them so often, "Darby and Joan," Janet called them lovingly.

"Mother," they could hear the old man say, and there was a little tremble in his voice, "it's most fifty years since we were married—do you mind? Next week a Wednesday 'il make it fifty years. Mebbe we'd oughter have a golden wedding to kind o' celebrate—what think—mother?"

"'T would be nice, father," they could hear her answer, "but I guess we hadn't better think of it. 'T would be an awful sight o' Janet an' what with Oliver teachin' an' Janet an' all the work with that little I could help, 't would make it pretty hard. Guess we hadn't better, father."

There was a little silence and then the old man spoke again:

"Hanner," said he, "we didn't never have a wedding journey nor a honeymoon. Almost seem's if we ought to have 'em now. You know how 't was—we was poor an' couldn't even afford to go out to Uncle Eben's for a little trip, but settled right down to housekeepin' an' hard work at once, without a bit o' play spell. In all these years we ain't been nowhere to speak of except to the Centennial, and we didn't neither of us enjoy that, what with the rush and the crowd an' confusion. Seem's if 't would be nice to go 'way somewhere now on our wedding journey—seem's if 't would make us feel young 'gain somehow."

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"Mebby they would, mother," the old man answered quietly, and then there was silence. After a little they went into the house and the girls heard them lock the door and wind the clock, and then all was still. Something glinted in Oliver's great dark eyes, and the moonlight touched to crystal clearness a drop upon Janet's fair cheek.

The two girls crept into bed and lay talking in low voices for a long time before they went to sleep.

For the next few days there were busy preparations in the old farm house. Mysterious doings were going on all over the house. Mother was hustled off somewhere every day to visit some friend or neighbor in the vicinity, who gladly welcomed the dear, kind soul and her perpetual knitting work.

Father and the boys, stalwart men of twenty-five and thirty, were busy in the field and orchard doing up the fall work. Janet worked away happily all day, and when at four o'clock Oliver came home from the little red-painted district schoolhouse, she donned a big apron, put on her thimble and went resolutely to work in her own room upstairs. Evidently something was in the air.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear, with that indescribable crispness and sparkle in the air that makes October a royal month.

Oliver had asked the trustee for the day and he had granted it willingly; Janet looking like an apple blossom in her pink calico gown and snowy white apron, flitting about the house on light feet, seeming to be everywhere at once.

John and David were wrestling with their Sunday neckties and polishing their boots to the very highest possible shine.

The old folks looked on wistfully, but silently, wondering what all the commotion was about.

Out in the woodshed father confided to mother this piece of news: "Guess the children must be goin' over to Millerville to the county fair. But it does seem kind o' curious they don't speak about it."

"That's so," mother had made response, "but mebbe they think we're gettin' too old to be took into their affairs," and she sighed a little tremulous sigh that told plainer than words the sadness that she felt.

Almost simultaneously Oliver's clear contralto and John's deep bass came ringing down the stairs. "Mother, please come up here a few minutes!" and, "Here, father, I want you upstairs a little while."

Wondering a little, but never guessing, they went upstairs together, and in

the hall parted. What mother saw as she entered her daughter's room was a shining, silvery mass of something lying on the neat white bed, a soft and silky pile of material which gradually took form and shape until she saw a beautiful gown, whose delicate laces in neck and sleeves combined with the soft gray tint, made it look bridelike indeed.

"Oh, girls!" was all she could say, as Janet put her into a chair and began to take down her little coil of white hair. "Dressing the bride," occupied, perhaps, an hour, and when at last the toilet was announced complete, the faded blue eyes behind the gold-bowed glasses saw in the large old-fashioned mirror a sweet and dainty picture—a beautiful-faced old lady with delicate heliotrope nestling among the laces at her throat, and a tiny spray in her hair.

A faint, pink flush of excitement had come to the withered cheeks, which made the old face a sweet history of what it had been in its youthful prime. Oliver and Janet kissed her triumphantly.

"Mother, you don't realize how sweet and young you look! you have worn black so long. And, 'Oh, mother, we're going to have a wedding in this house today, and you are to be the bride!'"

"Fifty years ago today," the old bride softly murmured, looking down at the thin cret of gold that she had worn so long, and in her heart a sudden longing sprang up, newly kindled, a quick and strong desire for him who had been her husband all these years.

She looked wistfully toward the door and took a faltering step towards it, but just then it opened, and John and David entered escorting between them proudly the hero of the day, attired in a fine new suit of broadcloth, with a festive little posy in his button-hole and a face beaming with renewed youth and gladness.

The children were forgotten in the quick impulsive embrace that followed, and the long kiss of love and honor and fidelity that had crowned that century of wedded life.

That was a day never to be forgotten in all the country round. Every body was there. Not only the old who had grown old with the happy bride and groom, but the middle-aged and strong. A grove of trees had been spread out of doors under the drooping elms that had been slender treelets on that wedding day fifty years ago.

The minister who had married them was long since dead, but his son, a middle-aged domestic, had been procured for the occasion and performed the marriage ceremony with grace and dignity.

Oliver and Janet acted as bridesmaid and groomsmen, looking very happy at the complete success of their innocent conspiracy.

Congratulations and gifts were many. The bridegroom seemed scarcely to need the support of his handsomely engraved gold-headed cane, he felt so young, despite his seventy-two years, and stepped blithely and briskly about among his guests with his slim little wife upon his arm, smiling and happy.

When the dinner was at last over, David pressed something into his father's hand—two tickets for the western city in which his married son lived.

"Your trunk is packed and ready and the train leaves at four o'clock, father," he said with characteristic straightforwardness.

"A year ago you got to do now is to take your wedding journey and enjoy a six-weeks' honeymoon at Sam's."

The other children gathered around and laughed gleefully at the bewildered joy of the newly-wedded pair.

"It's what I've wanted to do ever since Sam went West," the old man said quaveringly, and the tears stood in his eyes. The mother only turned and looked at her head upon the shoulder of her tall Oliver—and Oliver kissed her. There were misty eyes all around her, and smiling faces as the carriage drove off, amid a generous shower of rice and an old shoe thrown by some one for good luck.

And as the guests dispersed after examining to their curiosity's content the array of substantial gifts, the young folks at the farm house congratulated themselves and each other upon the wonderful success of their scheme.

And as the train sped westward over the shining rails, the little old bride sat in quiet happiness at her husband's side and looked at the flying landscape. There was a sweet peace on the dear, wrinkled face, and a light of newer, deeper tenderness in the blue eyes behind the glasses.

People noticed, how love-like the old man's attentions to the slim, little old lady by his side, and some even wondered if some life-long romance. But no one heard him as the bridegroom leaned and said, in a low voice, "It's been a grand day, Hannah—a day full of all kinds o' nice surprises, but they ain't nothin' makes me feel better than to know that after all we ain't too old for the children."

And the bride made soft response, "That's so, father."

Then there was a long and blessed silence as they journeyed on together "in that new world which is the old," the word for love.—The Portland Transcript.

THE ARMIES OF THE CORN.

Rank upon rank they stood, and row on row; Armed, tassled, and tormented green.
With rattling rations in their knapsacks between.

Long held the brave brigades and would not yield
Till shattered by the destiny of war.
Then gallant tribute from the conqueror!
They stacked their arms and tented on the field.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke.

THE GRIT OF AN AMERICAN COW BOY.

"Where's Nedward?" some one asked the foreman, one August night when the boys were gathered around the supper-table after a hard day in the brandings.

"Sent him over to the river with the horses for Mack," replied the foreman; "he won't be back for four days."

"Oh, a plonie," said the first speaker, "he's a plonie; it's a long stretch without water."

"Beats branding calves," insisted the other.
"Yes, if you're built that way."

Ten miles or so from the ranch the circling buzzards looked down upon a prostrate man. When the sun set, a cool breeze sprang up and the man stirred and groaned. He lay upon an elevated mesa, far from any house, or tree, or water-course. Here and there a stunted soap-weed showed above the level of the plain. A mile to the eastward a band of horses were quietly grazing, and a keen eye might have detected that one was saddled. The crisp buffalo-grass about the man was crushed down and broken off. Twenty feet away a dog-hole showed a fresh hoof-mark, and in the earth beside the man was a broad mark made by the cantle of the saddle as the horse rolled over.

It was nearly dark, and the stars were shining when the man finally opened his eyes intelligently.
"Boys, give me a drink," he said.
"Water, water," he repeated.

Low in the north distant lightning played about a pillar of cloud. If the cloud drifted this way he might get water, if not, he would go dry. Certainly no man's hand would minister to him that night. Soon he realized the situation.

"I was stunned—my leg is broken," said he. "I'll lie here until I rot before they will find me. O God, water!"

The cloud drew nearer, grew larger, and put out the stars. As it slid down from the mountain and advanced across the plain, rumbling thunder gave promise of imminent rain. Painfully the man stripped off his coat and spread it beside him to catch the water. His hat had fallen and lay several feet beyond his reach.

Quickly the cloud spread overhead. Following a jarring roll of thunder, a few big drops fell—one on the face of the thirsty man. And that was all. A brisk west wind wiped the sky clean in a moment, while the man yet waited expectant. The stars shone out bright and cold. The man shivered and cursed, and drew the coat about him.

Toward morning he slept and dreamed he heard the foreman's cheery summons, "Roll out, fellows," but when he sat up suddenly a twinge in his leg brought him back to fact—thirst, daylight, helplessness. He had been awakened by the chattering of the little marmot into whose hole the horse had stumbled, now come forth to view the damage done his home. The man drew his pistol and fired twice at the prairie-dog.

"Missed at twenty feet," he muttered, lying down again. "I'll never tell that."

All night he had lain upon his back. Now, very slowly and with both hands clasping the injured leg, which was broken below the knee, he turned upon his face and reached out toward the hat. It was still several feet beyond him.

"I've got to get out of this," was his thought; "I'd better begin by going after my hat." And he went. It required time and fortitude to crawl ten feet on hands and knees, dragging the broken leg, but it was done at last. He reached the hat and lay down to take account of himself and his chances.

"Ten feet in an hour is two hundred and forty in a day. I would get to the ranch in about six months at that rate, if I could keep it up day and night. I've got to stay right here until the buzzards get to the devil got me. If I ever get water I'll be too stiff and too silly. I know"—sitting up and looking around—"there is no water on this flat, for there isn't a hoof of stock in sight. Over toward the mountain there are water-holes every spring, but they have been dried since June. That cloud last night emptied out somewhere before it got to the mountain. The water holes may be full of water now and only three miles away. I could crawl three miles if I knew there was a drink at the finish—but they may be dry. Then I'll be three miles farther from the creek, and the boys come out to look me up. I suppose they will look me up in about a week—when Mack comes over to see why the horses haven't been sent. I'm getting silly already. My head throbs and my leg, too. If I can get started once, I'll know enough to keep a-going, but how to decide I'll leave it to chance."

He placed his broad hat on the end of his quirt held upright, balanced it carefully, and gave it a twist.

"Now, if that side with the bullet-hole stops toward the south, I'll crawl toward home, and if it turns to the mountains, I will head the water-hole. Ho! no!" stopping the revolving hat and closing his eyes, he said in a very low voice: "Oh, Lord, I don't know as one cow-puncher is much object to You, You got so many, but I never did much dirt, only to Billy, and he was so mean himself, it served him right. If you will help me out of this scrape and make the hat stop at the right place, I'll never forget it. Amen."

Very earnestly then he balanced the hat and set it turning. After several revolutions it came to a stop, with the hole toward the mountains.

"The water-holes it is, then," said he, and carefully noting the direction indicated—"That's rather more to the left than I would choose, but if you say so, it goes."

Without delay, but without haste, he made his preparations for great effort. Before deciding on a course, he had whimpered a little; the shock and pain had unnerved him. There was no more of that. He had a purpose, and meant to execute it. With bandages made from portions of his clothing, he bound up the leg to give it some support. He set his teeth down hard in a strip of leather cut from his shoe, then fixing his eyes upon a landmark in the distance, which should remain in view as he moved over the plain, he "pulled his freight."

It would fatigue you to follow this man's trail as foot by foot and hour after hour he painfully progressed toward the water-holes—tortured with thirst, beset by doubt whether he should not find them dry. Upon the desert a man, for lack of water, may perish in a few hours. In the cattle country they can and do live and suffer for days without it. This man did. He was only a common

forty-dollar-a-month man. If he did not get through, another would take his saddle and his bunk. To the company it mattered not at all whether the name on the pay roll was John Doe or Richard Roe. He had lived meanly; not always temperately. But he had a trait common to cowboys—a splendid American grit and he got through. On the third day he dragged himself to the first of the water-holes. It contained a small amount of brackish and muddy water. Beside it grew a stunted willow-bush. Beneath the bush lay a sleeping calf. Here were all the elements necessary to insure his safety. To work it out was a matter of detail.

The man does not remember whether he first shot the calf or first slaked his thirst, nor when the idea occurred to him of the perambulatory splints. But by the time he had eaten his second meal of veal—which followed very closely on this—his plan was complete. He thinks he devoted about twenty-four hours to refreshments. During that time he kept the leg in wet bandages, greatly reducing the swelling.

It was a work of time to cut down the low branched willow with his jack-knife and to fashion a cane from the stoutest portion. From smaller branches he made a number of splints, and these he bound about the broken leg by rawhide things cut from the calf skin and well soaked in the pool. The contraction of the rawhide drew the cane a very strong and rigid support, extending from the foot to the knee, and upon this, with the help of the cane he could walk. It was not so springing, it was slow and painful motion, but by contrast with the three miles achieved in three days on hands and knees it seemed both rapid and easy. He covered the distance to the ranch in one day and night, coming in just when the foreman was calling. "Roll out!"

The first thing he asked, after the boys had put him in bed and cut off the rawhide, was for somebody to shave him. He had a hard enough time for several weeks, but the doctor did not amputate the leg as he first threatened to do. We never convinced this sawbone, though we showed him the rawhide splint, of the fact that the man walked eleven miles on a broken leg.

"Humbug," said he. "No such case on record. The thing is preposterous."

—G. B. Dunham, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

LITTLE SISTER.

Little sister's prim and shy,
With a keen and knowing eye,
With a bright and roguish glance,
Sharper than a soldier's lance.

At that glance my faint heart goes
Down and hobbles with my toes.
Can she know the loon I seek?
Why I call three times a week?

How she watches all my moves—
I hope she quite approves—
And she treats me to such airs,
While my darling is upstairs.

She's discovered why I call!
Little sister knows it all!
—Harry Romine, in August Ladies' Home Journal.

Old Things.

The cast-off outside things of life, the things out of which the life we loved has long since departed—these we cling to with a fondness from which it is so hard to wean ourselves! The gowns and small belongings of those friends who have long since died, the old chairs upon which they sat, the tables at which they wrote and worked—these have a value in our eyes which new tables and chairs never can possess.

The cup of coffee of which the dear old drank, the picture or little ornament he cared for, those we treasure, keeping them with loving reverence, touching them with tender fingers, as we call to mind how he held and touched the same cup, the same glove or the same pen.

Yet life, with its accidents and its changes, sometimes tears these material things from our sight. The shock and the wrench of it come hard when fire or flood or theft, or some hard condition which we cannot control, sweeps these loved mementos from our holding.

To some intense natures it seems as if part of the heart went too. They suffer the pain of the first loss over again in this tearing away of their clinging thoughts from the trifles they have held too.

Yet sometimes in this last loss we begin to understand clearer the old truth that

Our comrades must fall round us
Ere we see the light behind.

And the trust our hearts find through these heart-wrenches is something time and life can never take away.

We find that this desperate clinging to old material things checks soul-growth. Our aspirations are like vines, which, hanging firmly to the crumbling props they have long since lost, refuse to mount to the longer, higher supports which would take them skyward. We keep crowding ourselves into our "loved" vaults past, refusing determinedly to attempt to lead us gently into roomier quarters. At last finding that nothing else is to be done, our old shell is broken over our heads, our old material things are torn away, and shivering and desolate, our soul is compelled to find itself "new chambers loftier than the last," chambers which will give us room to grow, until the time comes when we are again forced to leave our "outgrown shell." But alas and alas for the soul that always goes out unwillingly!

A mother was showing to her boy his little shoe, worn long ago. "I'm young yet, mamma," he said, with a whimsical smile, "and there's another old pair of shoes in my closet if you'd like to have 'em."

And out of the lad's conical speech a new truth dawned on the mother's soul. We cannot keep all the old material things of life. Life is not slow enough; the world is not big enough; we need more room to grow; and the only way we can get it is to drop the old material things we have outgrown, turning them into something new if we can, but deliberately destroying them, if not.

One woman, who has come into the light of this newer wisdom, says: "I had a closed fall of old tokens of those I have loved long ago. I usually kept them shut away, taking them out occasionally to cry over, moan and sob about, and then putting them away for another season, when I could enjoy the

sorrow of them. One day a thought came to me—did this terrible clinging to old things do me any real good, bring me any nearer truly to the soul-life of the one I loved, who was now so far above all such material wants and ways? I took out my treasures and looked them over with this new thought in my mind.

My little one's shoes—what need had he of shoes now? But some mother's poor baby, who was here yet, might wear them! The little bookcase, the tennis racket, which belonged to some one who 'has gone ahead'—why not let them bring pleasure to young hearts who are just as dear, and whose little belongings would be treasured as closely if they in their turn went away?

"And the trifles, which were worthless without this old association, which would be thrown out if I myself went away and they were found by careless, indifferent, or ignorant strangers—I burnt them all, every one, partly to prevent such a catastrophe. And in the very casting off of these last material signs of the loved life which had vanished, it seemed to me as if I drew closer to the presence of the real love of which they were such poor, poor remnants."

Ah, how desperately we cling to this association through earthly things! It is as if the trees and flowers should seek to mingle only through their roots, unseeing that their sweetest and truest communion would be the higher and more beautiful atmosphere of an upper life.—Harper's Bazar.

GEMS.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—Willis.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Massinger.

Do not begin with exaggerated ideas of your own worth.—Beecher.

Things, done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear.

Things, done without example, in their issue are to be feared.—Shakespeare.

Aspirations without faith are powerful only for destruction. They kindle a revolution, but they cannot mould a new order.—Westcott.

Of all the perils of advancing age none is greater than that of losing the faculty of wonder. That which is commonest is, indeed, the most real cause of wonder.—Westcott.

Disappointment will make us conversant with the noble part of our nature. It will chasten us, and prepare us to meet accident on higher ground the next time. As Hannibal taught the Romans the art of war, so is all misfortune only a stepping-stone to fortune.

—H. D. Thoreau.

Safe, Soothing, Satisfying.
Originated in 1810 by a good old
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE
LINIMENT

It cures every form of inflammation, present or latent, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, earache, throat, cough, cold, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, erysipelas, erythema, eczema, pruritus, and all other skin diseases. It is a powerful sedative, and is used in all cases of inflammation, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful analgesic, and is used in all cases of pain, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is used in all cases of infection, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful disinfectant, and is used in all cases of contagion, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful restorative, and is used in all cases of debility, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful tonic, and is used in all cases of weakness, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful stimulant, and is used in all cases of paralysis, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful sedative, and is used in all cases of excitement, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and is used in all cases of spasm, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful emetic, and is used in all cases of vomiting, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful cathartic, and is used in all cases of constipation, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful diuretic, and is used in all cases of dropsy, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful expectorant, and is used in all cases of cough, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful antitussive, and is used in all cases of asthma, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and is used in all cases of neuralgia, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and is used in all cases of rheumatism, whether acute or chronic. It is a powerful antisyphilitic, and is used in all cases of syphilis, whether acute or chronic. 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